College Sigher Will Squawk With Male Melody Makers

Wellesley College Library

Fair Today Followed By Tomorrow

Smellesley Noose

Circulation Sluggish 212° in the Shade

WELLESLEY, MASS., FEBRUARY 1, 1940

LEAP YEAR TOLL HITS 1000 MARK

COMPLETE STORY PAGE 7

ELLA KEEPS BITING NABS HER ROMEO

Climaxing the tremendous toll of Leap year nuptials, Ella Keeps Biting led confirmed bachelor, Frozeph G. Marrytoonian, to the halter in a stupendous ceremony in the college chapel today.

The service was opened with a spirited rendering of "You Are My Lucky Star" by Soggy Pands, College Wrong Leader, and Marshie Grab-her, Chairman of Louse Presidents' Council, as the three thousand two hundred and forty-three guests shifted restlessly in their seats while awaiting the bridal party.

When flower girls Pot Wastings and Barge Toppel, tiny visions in pink tulle, had finally stumbled into place the ushers began unrolling the Ellsmere Chaucer by special permission of the Huntington Library, as fit carpeting for the bride's scholastic feet. The pest man was Mr. Gone Silley, immaculate in his black tie and white carnation. The rest of the bachelor's cotillion included Candy Bramble, Philbert Bazook, Fill-up Riot, Cycle Wigler, and T. H. Pale Splotter, Visiting Lecturer from Jail for the occasion.

The first bad note of Miss Snivellin' K. Swells on her pipe and tubor brought the impatient audience to its foot as one body to join singing the processional hymn, "Binorie, O Binorie." The bridal party was led by Maid of Honor, Miss Redna Snidebreader, radiant in a fur trimmed cap and gown of baby blue lace. Miss Biting's other attendants, who wore princess gowns of chatreuse satin and flattering green cellophane visors, were the Misses Mildewed Lacka-Spree, Lace E. Squawk, Sagnes F. Jerkins, Repeal de Blanke, and Swellin' Darlingsouse.

Down the aisle at last came the "little woman" in her grandmother's 18-inch waist, clinging convulsively to the arm of Mr. T. Prays Blocter, who gave her away. In one hand Miss Biting carried a demure nosegay of green awkids; in the other a handy eleven volume History of the English Language. All the way down that long aisle Mr. Blocter comforted the bride, assuring her that the wedding guests were not material substances after all. Bringing up the rear was the ring-bearer, little Very Pill Taylor, attired in a pair of striped velvet bloomers, worn by Baurice Heavens in *Shamlet*, and won at an Elizabethan "bank-nite" by Miss Biting.

The ceremony, a short and impressive one, was performed entirely in Middle English, except for Mr. Marrytoonian's shouted "I do" in almost perfect Armenian. The happy couple were greeted at the doors of the chapel by a crowd, straining at the ropes and clutching at the bride's veil of mousseline de cheese cloth. Headliners spotted in the throng included Breath Bison, Resident of See Gee; Spotty Dousemayd, Editor-in-Grief of the Repew; Disbee ("Carrot-top") Sniverd, Lice Resident of Yarnsmallows; and Rent-A-Hall, President of the class of nineteen forty-pew. The steps were a moving mass of flash light bulbs and camera men, led by editters Hjtenrshe (Krazy) Kazijxyvpsmjian and Pain Scrawn of the *Noose*.

Following the ceremony a small reception for 600 of their closest friends was given by the newlyweds in 24 Founders. Mr. Talcum H. Roams supplied dance music, with the assistance of 85 members of the college orchestra. At the punch bowl resided Burley Heidelberg and Deb Beggary, and the food table was under the expert hands of Stuffy Tufford. At the climax of the party Ella Keeps Biting Marrytoonian left her guests to throw her bouquet from the top of Scream Hall to the surging mob below. Wrecky Backsoon '40, poised on Lake Waban on her figure skates, made the lucky catch and immediately withdrew her name from the first heat of the hoop rolling race to give her less fortunate friends their chance.

Attired in a trim traveling suit of yellow sack cloth the bride and her husband departed on the 7:25 bus for Newtonville, for a ten day's honeymoon in the Newton Lower Falls public library.

Before departure Mr. Marrytoonian consented to say a few words to the press, "Just tell 'em it was a whirlwind romance. Miss Biting fairly swept me off my feet." It seems that the brave girl had battled hoards of autograph seekers who had pursued Marrytoonian from his Hollywood appearance as Rhett in that great chronicle of the south, "Gone With The Wind." In his sanctuary in the bottom of the swimming pool, Ella found him and "popped the question" by remote control through the observation window.

Caught

Scurriculum Committee Reveals Next To Nothing In Report

The latest scurvy taken by the Stoogent Scurvy Committee of the Stoogent Scurriculum Committee reveals in an inclusive dispatch to the Noose that leap year weddings and engagements have taken an unprecedented rocket to the top of Flounders Hall.

The results show that 78 out of a possible 50 stoogents have proposed between the hours of 8:40 a.m. to 8:40 a.m. of which 50 out of a possible 78 were naturalized blondes the remaining percent being as otherwise specified in the Committee Report Section 2-a.

"Of these proposals, 29¼% were made by Economics majors who know whereof they speak," confided Manet Zowie '40, Careman of the Stoogent Scurriculum Committee. "The zoology majors were not far behind with a batting average of 28% of the 455 brown-eyed stoogents who have taken the cat course at the last Bor'am Dinner or other Summer School Credits."

The formation of the Love Is Not Love that Alters when it Alteration Finds Club under the auspices of the Spiterature Department marks a turning point toward the battering of Stoogent Faculty Relations or did I? From authoritative diaphrams produced by the Snoop Leadership Class, we may draw the conclusions that Miss X, the typical college stoogent, now has a circle of situational thinking dominated by the Freytag triangle of Jail, Hamherst, and Dirtymouth played by Ann Sheridan the oomph girl.

"That this should be true this Leap Year is not surprising," explained Miss Zowie. "To one who has studied the results of the rat experiments differentiating between a large piece of American cheese and a Harvard boy sponsored by Miss Snidebreader of the Sickology Department. This experiment proved that 55 rats with recessive genes for curly hair and cross eyes preferred any cubic centimeter of cheese (99 and forty-four hundredths % pure) to any 4 Harvard boys taken singly or in groups of."

President Roosevelt and the Dies Committee received 5 votes, see Sec. 66 A 1, Grey Look. The President has devoted his latest fishing trip to the consideration of supporting the movement of the Give the Juniors a Chance Committee which proposes to extend Leap Year until Thanksgiving 1941, that day they ate chow mein for lunch. This will give them ample time to recover from a little musical slow they tried to put on one night last fall. And win a husband.

Of the brunettes who voted on Leap Year vs. The Red Sox in the See Gee Office, only one failed to cast her ballot. She mailed hers in the Browning Door. "In the Future, as in the Past, Leap Year will march on," philosophised Miss Zowie at the conclusion of the report which left the match at set point.

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Busy Man ..... Scary Sniff

EDITORIAL

Lifted by the Censor

Bor'um Debates Leap Year During Sinner Discussion

At a recent dinner-meeting of the Wellesley Bor'um, the question of Leap Year, its Possibilities and Problems, was profoundly debated by experts in the field.

The meal preceding the discussion was particularly planned to put the audience into a receptive frame of mind. Love-apple cocktails were served as appetizers, and the diners had a choice of entrée, filet of soul or stewed brains, according to their sentiments for or against the Leap Year tradition.

Side dishes consisted of New England squash and fried mush; the salad was "let us" mixed with broken celery hearts, covered with chilly sauce. Canned razzberries and delicately frosted cupcakes, served as dessert, were followed by strong black coffee to launch the group into a clear-headed discussion of the matter before them.

MR. MARRYTOONIAN SPEAKS

Mrs. Euteth B. Callory and Mr. Frozeph Marrytoonian spoke on the pro side of the issue, while Dr. Sary H. Delife and Mr. Gane Silley took the negative stand. Mrs. Callory and Mr. Marrytoonian argued that unless women were allowed to pursue the men they wanted once every four years, there would be many a shy lad and only moderately attractive lass who would never reach the altar.

The opposition, on the other hand, stated that, nine times out of ten, Leap Year marriages ended in separation and stressed Mr. Silly's point that such practices were unfair to the defenceless male. The debate was long and exhaustive and, at its close, the majority of the audience, loyal to the name of the organization, were wrapped in Bor-um.

Spit Parade

**** Please Don't Sling Grub at Me
**** Juniors Know All the Bums
**** We're Tired of the Students
*** Typical Phews
*** I Love to Skate with You, Pilley
**** Love Will Spout
ng* Love Will Skin Through
********************** Love
* ng means no good.

Flea Press

All contributions for this column must be signed with the full aliases of the author as evidence of good faith. The editors hold themselves absolutely irresponsible. Contributions should be in the hands of the Editors by 11:30 p. m. or 1:00 a. m. on Mondays. (Please check corner of slip if taking overnight.)

To the *Wellesley College Noose:*

As a whacklty, I am writing to your publickation to strongly express my opinions on several abuses on campus on which I feel strongly. Firstly of all, the Noose has contained in its pages some flagrant errors, in punctuntion which I tbink, should be corrected since the Noose is of such quite widely read importance. Your last edition left off two commas from behind the preceding words on page two, which made it so that the understandable meaning of the clauses left unmarked did not connect up with what went before and came after. I trust that you with little, of difficulty cannot help but deplorr as in my capacity as proffesor I do these implied errors and can find them. A preventative examination of your scripts before you print it should go a long ways to improve the Noose. Now about this knitting which the stoogents are getting het up over. Everybody has their times when they like to quietly relax and do a little recreation like knitting for instance don't you agree? And I don't see as it hurts to at some time like after dinner listening to the radio in their rooms knit. But it is quite too distressing to a lekturer on some deeply gorgeous subject like poets or maybe science for him to stand up and see a mess of needles, with fingers, flying back and forth all over the room. Or don't you think so? Anyways, I also think that some sort of a regulation maybe could be done about the way stoogents rush like young demons out of class when the bell has just done ringing after class. Now why they seem to slam books the way they do before the whacklty has completed his say is due to, I think a mere lack of regard of these. After all one should remember that the very teeniest bit of the golden grains of knowledge are much more delicious in the long run than whatever the stoogents run off to which I suppose is lunch or some other equally unimportant little matter.

Sigher Swings Hits With Male Warblers

The Wellesley College Sigher will join the choirs, glee clubs, and other singing bodies of Jail, Brinceton, Jemhearse and Dirtymouth in a St. Valentine's Day Songfest, February 14, at 4:40, in 144 Founders. Decorations for the occasion will follow an appropriate floral motif. Refreshments immediately after the concert will further carry out the spirit of the day, and will consist of heart dogs in lace paper. Choir members are reminded to bring ten cents for the refreshments, and a valentine which they will exchange with a guest.

In a special interview with the press, Mr. T. B. Scream, conductor of the choir, revealed that the purpose of the musical party is to give the girls an opportunity to look over the available material for a possible choir concert trip in the spring. He said, "I have always felt that the spirit of camaraderie among the singers, resulting from personal contact, is essential to good tone quality, diaphragmatic breathing, and emotional expression in singing."

Mr. Scram will open the program, playing the well-known *Fudge in Several Flats* by Jo-ham S. Botch. Selections by the Wellesley Sigher will include *Lover, Where Can You Be?* by Butch Hoven, and *I Ain't Got Nobody*, by Shoeman. The entire group will unite in rendering *Ah, Sweet Misery of Life*, by Tosca Ninny, and the third movement of the Second Concerto of *Opus 398* by Cole Porter. The closing number will be Mr. Scram's special arrangement for voice and organ of Key's *Largo*.

Armenda Board Says Propose Early to Avoid the Rush

Because of the unprecedented number of engagements of members of the Class of nineteen-sporty, the deadline for publication of *Armenda* will be extended indefinitely. The graduating class has a rare opportunity this year to catch some of the thousands of eligible (?) young men attending nearby colleges, universities, institutions, and Harvard.

"We have had to add a whole section for the announcements," confided Marryin' Heavens, the Editor. Our advertizers have launched a Buy Your Trousseau Early Campaign for the more than one hundred Seniors who are planning a mass wedding in the chapel after graduation."

The *Armenda* Board offers a special issue bound in white ribbon and orange blossoms to every Senior who announces her intention to wed before May Day Hoop-rolling. "We feel that such a book should be a treasure to show your grandchildren what a Wellesley woman can do."

"Since we should like to include every senior's name in the engaged section, we are planning a special pamphlet called *How to Win Diamonds and Influence Blind Dates*, for publication the week before Senior Prom," Miss Heavens announced.

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SENIORS

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Tips to the Lovelorn

Weakly Balm for the Bruised

By Eateth B. Callory

Dear Dr. Callory,
Is it true what they say about February 29th? I mean if you propose and he doesn't accept, does he have to pay you $10.00? And isn't there some way you can get both the man and the money?
Hopefully,
B. P. E.

Ans. By all means take the money. The man will be back for it later.

Dear Dr. Callory,
I am simply enamoured of a too, too divine Dartmouth man. And I simply must have him sooner or later. If possible I would like to make it later than Bowdoin Ivy Week. Is there someway I can hold him off that long?
Yours truly,
Roseola P. Beerbohm

Ans. Leave him in the New Hampshire cold storage. He'll keep.

Dear Dr. Callory,
Is there someway you can lead up to a proposal? I would like to be subtle about the whole thing and not firm. (He doesn't dream I care.) I don't need the exact wording, because I take Victorian prose, but the method of approach bothers me. Won't you please tell me how to break the ice?
Bewildered,
Lydia Languish

Ans. Wait until spring. He'll thaw out.

Dear Dr. Callory,
Is it possible to love two people at once? Real love, I mean, the kind they have in the movies? And if so, where can you find two people?
Respectfully,
Class of '40

Ans. Harvard graduated 2,000 last June. But just where they are now has escaped me.

Dear Dr. Callory,
Does a leap year proposal lead to a happy marriage? Or does the person leaped at feel that he has missed something in life by not having done his own work?
Belvidera Buttons

Ans. I will take the matter up in detail in my annual second semester lecture series. Admission free.

Dear Dr. Callory,
I am in love with my roommate's man. It should be a conflict situation, but she won't fight. I stay with them every minute, and handle all the conversation so she can't propose. But what can I do now? I've got laryngitis and can't talk.
Thank you,
Narcissa Flareit

Ans. Thank YOU.

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T. B. Scream Tells Of Sniff College Romance

"As early as three years ago I sensed impending catastrophe," confessed T. B. Scream in a heart-rending account of his frantic search to find a fitting mate before the Leap Year. "Frankly," he shuddered, "My experiences in 1936—" He paused. A look of genuine horror clouded his sunny face.

"Never," he whispered, horrified, "Never had I dreamed of such heroic effort to achieve connubial bliss. My twelve months on the Wellesley campus that Leap Year revealed Woman to me."

Pressed as to the meaning of his cryptic statement, Mr. Scream revealed the torment of a sensitive, single-minded, single man amidst a throng of would-be Wellesley wives. "I managed to hide from the faculty," he recalled tutterly. "For I soon discovered that my lessons in diaphramatic support from Miss de Blanke were but a trap."

It was Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 12:40 that brought the greatest struggle, Mr. Scream recalled. After this horrible experience he resolved to quest for a wife, a wife who would protect him from further threat, and, what is more, a wife who would share his passionate fondness for the flute. . . . . .

"Now, take a Wellesley woman —" he began.

"But you didn't take a Wellesley woman," we murmured gently.

"No one," he said, ignoring the interruption, "no one at Wellesley but Mr. Slamb had even an inkling of the moving possibilities of the flute." He reminded your reporter of the great efforts he made at Wellesley. He even recalled the days when he almost succumbed to Miss Wedper's harmonica.

"In the fall of '38 I realized the desperate situation," Mr. Scream continued. "Wellesley women were not destined to be flutists, and another Leap Year was fast approaching. Taking my life in one hand, and my ticket to Northampton in the other, I ventured on the Sniff campus."

Sniff girls, the beaming Sigher Director assured us, were Different. In Northampton he no longer felt oppressed and imprisoned. "Try to imagine my joy," he pleaded, "when at a rehearsal of the Sniff Choir I saw a beautiful young woman rise and play the flute!"

"I tried to hide my joy from the less fortunate male members of the faculty," he recalled. "On my return to Wellesley I advised them to make an escape. Poor Taleum Roams was too involved in an eternal discussion with Miss Ponderstonk to notice the passage of time, and now—" he sighed, "Now he's too late."

Kallow Kampus Krimes

By Mildewed H. Lackaspree

CHAPTER 3

The Purloined Manuscript

Slowly recovering her senses, Miss Killa Weed looked around the Treasure Tomb and fully realized it was really gone, her precious manuscript, the Treasure Tomb's newest acquisition, a first edition of *True Romances*. No wonder she had had that strange premonition which gnawed at her conscience and she could not sleep and finally made her dash across the forbidding campus at midnight and through the yawning portals of the library.

Tearing her hair she searched the room. Achespeare, Pluto, Pilly. Frowning, not another volume disturbed. Only *True Romances* was gone.

Perhaps it had been mislaid in the stacks by one of those new librarians. Slowly Miss Killa Weed strode down the stairs. Footsteps fell behind her and spider webs caressed her face like eery fingers as she crossed the reading room. The moonlight lay in cold white patches on the floor. Mustering up her courage she climbed the stairs to the fourth stack.

She fumbled for the light, her finger-tips tingling with Revlon. Suddenly she saw a dark shape stretched across a desk.

"Oh dear," she murmured, "Grubby, Grubby, you must help me. Her honors work. She certainly couldn't have taken that manuscript out of the Treasure Tomb." She started to shake Grubby. "Grubby, Grubby, you must help me," she hissed frantically.

Feeling a warm stickiness on her hands, she started back frozen with horror. Her hands were dyed red. Was Grubby already footnoting her paper? No—No! BLOOD was pouring over that fine thesis: "Weather in England from 1421 to 1444 and its Effect on the Size of the Heads of Letters." Grubby was dead—quite dead. A knife lay on the floor beside her amidst a confusion of index cards and Comp 101 pamphlets. Evidently it was not taking Comp horrors work in Ec and Botany that had killed Grubby. On the dead girl's sweater was pinned a manilla card saying "Dead Honor Students Tell No Tales." Mercifully Miss Killa Weed fainted, crumbling to the cold floor, and knocking her head against a quarto edition of *The Grapes of Wrath*.

The inquest took place the next day in the Snooks Room. Inspector Justice Cluing presided, somewhat disturbed by the deep groans of Miss Ranch P. The Clumb who ran about wringing her hands.

After hearing Miss Killa Weed's jumbled, coherent story, Mrs. Cluing summed up the facts: It is evident that some female desperately needed this advice. With the disturbed state of the campus, it would be impossible to tell right away who did this. The manilla card on Grubby's sweater had been traced to Hackaway Bookshop.

Suddenly Dr. Wiggler burst into the room, brandishing a letter. "A clue, a clue," he cried. The door slammed, the lights went out; they heard the sinister click of the lock from the outside.

There they stood. Trapped in the Snooks Room with only a week's food and supplies.

Can they get out of the Snooks Room Alive? Will they discover the robber of the purloined book and the killer of poor Grubby? Read Chapter IV in next week's Noose: *"Trapped in the Snooks Room."*

Girl--It's Leap Year!!

Our college chicks with a one in four chance ought to get busy wearing sweetheart roses, red roses or some flower suggesting sweet romance—starting now!

Maybe that inquisitive male you like will wonder what you're wearing them for. Then you'll have a chance to say "Because I love you—and it's leap year!"

Sort of foolish for Fraser's to fill space with such talk but it's leap year, flowers can talk and some damsels have succeeded — so we read in the papers. But you have to be smart about it.

WISH YOU LUCK!

FRASER'S

CENTRAL STREET

C. W. T. W. Line-Up Superb; Floors Its Nooning Audience

Margaret Mitchell's epic of the Civil War, "Gone With the Wind," after being in production for over two long years, has finally been presented to the panting public. And it is a great picture, breathing in every fiber the spirit of the Old South.

Most inspired was the casting. All those who took part in the nation-wide poll to select the Scarlett O'Hara will feel vindicated in the final choice. Some may have rooted for Bette Davis, some for Miriam Hopkins, some even for Garbo, but when they see this newcomer to the Hollywood screen living, breathing, *being* Scarlett O'Hara, they will be convinced of the wisdom of the choice. They will feel as David Selznick must have felt when on first being introduced to Fanny K. Do-Tell he said, "You are Scarlett, my dear!"

DO-TELL'S DOES

Though Miss Do-Tell's brilliant representation of the Irish minx would have carried the picture alone, the film wouldn't have reached such great heights without the inspired acting of Frozeph Marrytoonian as Rhett Butler, Mr. Marrytonian as the dashing Charleston blockade-runner makes you forget that you are watching a movie. He gives his all. He outdoes himself. He is quoted as saying, "Acting comes natural to me." Miss Mitchell is quoted as saying of him, "He is my Rhett Butler." His frenzied exit with Scarlett, Melanie, and Melanie's new-born baby, through flaming and crumbling Atlanta is never-to-beforgotten.

SCENES OPEN EARLY

Memorable are the opening scenes showing the grace and charm of plantation existence, of a way of life that we will never see again. Here is coquettish Miss Do-tell as the belle of the county. Here is her hard-drinking, land-loving Irish father, played by Henry Fussey, an actor whose force and vigor should not go unrecognized. Here we see Scarlett pouring out her heart to Ashley Wilkes, feverishly portrayed by Afraid Di Left-field, only to be rudely laughed at by Rhett Marrytoonian, bobbing up from behind a sofa. We see Scarlett charming the bashful young Charlie Hamilton (Ptomaine Geoffrey) with the same technique she later uses to steal Frank Kennedy (Fillup Riot) from her younger sister. We see a spiritual sweetness in Elizabeth Dahuin's portrayal of Melanie.

Excellent, too, are the minor characters. You will find that scene upon scene will impress itself on your memory. You will be haunted by Miss Do-Tell's pleading with Ashley to "take her away from all this". You will love Melanie's tenderness. You will be swept off your feet by Marrytoonian's manliness. In short the word for GWTW is not jumbo; it is not great; it is not stupendous; it is COLOSSAL.

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VALENTINE

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Beauty Squints

By Melon T-Bones

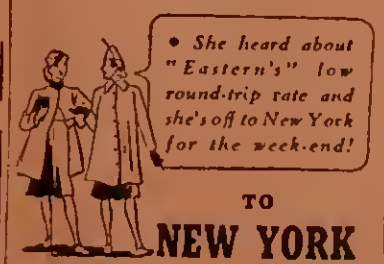
Leap Year, like the presidential election, comes but once every four years, so why not make the most of it? If you want to be in the swing of things, with anxious males hanging on your every word for a proposal, you must forget your academic pursuits, and concentrate on **Becoming Beautiful.**

A dull class is opportunity gained, not lost. During those lengthy lectures, practice the following exercise: slump down in chair, until body is in a straight line, close eyes, relax. Continue for 50 minutes. It will bring a sparkle to the eyes, and you will be well on the way to gaining the envied reputation of "beautiful but dumb." If rudely awakened by professor, do not be discouraged: the shock is excellent for the nervous system. (Note to professors: you can follow this excellent routine by simply letting your students take over the discussion.)

Fashion items. Seen proctoring an exam, a tall distinguished looking lady, clad in a beautiful purple gown, and carrying as accessories an attractive stack of light blue books about eight inches long and five inches wide. Whipping through Founders the other day (late for an exam) we caught a glimpse of Miss Lace Gawk, attired in a dress of the fashionable new shade, screwdly green.

A MUST on your beauty shelf — for that blotchy mid-year complexion, Dr. Boils recommends a new product — stimulating, refreshing,—a Simpson cocktail. Reducing item: When in the dormitory cut out all starches and sweets and you'll be sure to grow thin—you won't eat a thing.

If you have any questions about these beauty hints, send a stamped self-addressed envelope to the editor, Miss Melon T-Bones, care of the *Noose*, and your stamp will promptly be confiscated.



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EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

CAT CORNER

By Repeal De Blanke

Flash, Flash!

At the Well. . . Ptomaine Geoffrey rides again! A certain member of the Smart Department has been spotted five nights in succession with 5 different B. O. B. Bs. (bevies of beautiful blondes.) . . . Fanny K. Do-Tell hot-spotting it with a mysterious brown bag of—guess what?—Vitamin D sandwiches. . . Queens Woosy Pilson and Sellin' G. Russel hitting the jackpot after a tough evening's gamble on the nickelodian.

At the Index Board . . . Poem of the Day: "Verse, verse, terrible verse, It amuses the students and the faculty curse, LOUDLY." . . . Rumor hath it that a temper tantrum in the index files is responsible for the fact that none of the students have been able to find their schedule cards since Academic Council. . . Miss Dahnin' announces cut to all her classes on Valentine's Day! All of which goes to prove that 2 hearts beat in Economics Time or when you and I were young.

Oddenda. . . Classical Club made its customary whoopee on nectar and ambrosia at its last Tuesday evening meeting in Dizzy. . . . They say "Renovation" may rear its ugly head in the Lovewell Road home of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Scream and all over a little matter of who really is the greatest composer. From Beethoven to Bach and Bach to Bach again. . . . Miss Smil and Mr. Codgers looking thatta way and all in the name of Theatre Workshop. . . . Small diamond mine on Miss Squ-eeze Nutcracker's left fourth finger confirms buzzings that she and Mr. Romeo Wowland are man and womaning it. . . . Evening constellation studies have been drawing beautiful Junior astronomers like anxious flies. With senior year coming up they probably want to know just how the land lies in their stars. . . Miss Melon T. Bones last seen rounding a bend in Lake Waban in a new red skating skirt with guyboy Talcum H. Rooms following behind. . . Math Club, led by distinguished scholar, Miss Bark, proves for posterity that 2's company but 3's a crowd. . . . With the girls doing the Leap Year asking, statistics show that Handy Grr Dumptry Dlub has had an abnormal slump in business. A mild form of feminine protest against the old order.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

and

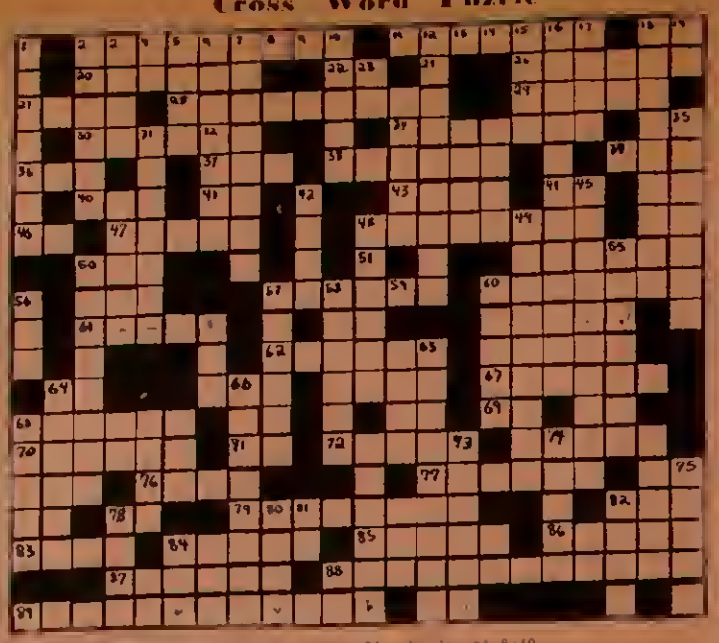
HE'LL LEAP WHEN HE LOOKS

at the dress you're wearing

from

Sigrid's

Cross Word Puzzle



ACROSS

2. Sing-song on Lake Waban.
18. Degree.
20. Français sur le lac.
22. Conjunction.
26. Little Liver Pills.
27. Bones.
28. (8 letters) "Let's worry about _____."
29. "God moves in a mysterious way."
30. Stage Struck Duchess.
34. Watchful custodian of music like (scrambled).
36. Standing room only.
37. American Automobile Association.
38. Bible quiz with a kind heart.
39. Mr.
40. Forward and downward motion of the head.
41. Nata Benes.
43. Restoration Comedy.
44. Abbreviation of New Hampshire.
46. Negative.
47. Rhymes with Tuell.
48. The flowering of New England.
50. Señorita simpatica.
51. Preposition.
57. Revised Sermon on the Mt.
61. Cosmopolitan Spich.
62. Miss Brown's successor.
64. Bachelor of Medicine.
67. "Beethoven is the greatest composer" (backwards).
68. Sels.
69. No good.
70. Sophisticated Lady.
71. Exclamation.
76. "Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."
77. Phenomenon of learning.
78. Preposition (place).
79. Flour walker in Chem. Dep't.
83. "For this is ———, nor am I out of it."
84. Apples at $3.40.
85. Perennial Freshman.
87. "Mens sana in corpore sano."
88. London fish market.
89. Faith argument.

DOWN

1. Lamb Always Ella.
2. Model T, but not a crank.
4. Left side (abbr.)
7. Single round.
8. 12th letter of the alphabet.
9. 5th letter of the alphabet.
10. Synthetic Geometry.
12. Strictly symbolic.
16. Cump 101
17. Sound of embarrassment.
18. Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.
31. Handmaiden of philosophy.
32. Towards a more picturesque speech.
35. The glory that was Greece.
42. Girl's name.
45. Takes off shoes in class (probably indicates something).
48. Tin Lizzy Trouble.
49. Member of Comp. Dep't. with gifted nephew.
50. Canned soup.
55. American Lit.
56. What sophomores talk about in Bible 104.
57. Loud.
58. "My son's a devil."
60. Past participle of verb "to give".
63. Brother-in-law of T. S. Eliot.
64. First Lady.
66. (Only 4 letters) Hygeia.
68. Insignificantly boned.
72. Protozoology
73. Formidable to-do-knot.
74. The 'Family' Man.
75. Reading tests.
78. Conjunction.
79. Drive like J—— (Bibliced).
80. Olin Downes' first name.
82. Turtle eggs on Tower Court green.
88. What student receives after 4 years at Wellesley.

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